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GAR SQUARE.

THE CAUSE OF THE HORROR.

The evidence at the inquest in the Fourth

Avenue Tunnel disaster yesterday proves

conclusively that had the tunnel been

lighted and ventilated it would not have

occurred. Here is some of the testimony of

Engineer Fowler, whose engine telegraphed

the shop train.

The fog was very heavy. Approaching Seventy-

second street I quit my post and went over to

the fireman's side of the engine to see the signal for

me to proceed. The next thing I was on top of

the shop train, which was from 500 to 700 feet

from the danger signal. I did not know that there

was a train ahead until we ran into it. We were go-

ing between twenty-three and twenty-five miles an

hour.

The fog in the tunnel was caused by steam.

There was steam in the tunnel so dark and thick

at times that I cannot see the smokestack of my

own engine, and we depend entirely on the block

system.

According to Engineer Fowler the shop

train was directly in his way and within a

few hundred feet of him when he saw the

signal which said "all clear."

If the tunnel had been lighted he could

have seen if a train were on his track had it

been at the extreme end.

A fog caused by steam obscured his

view.

Had the tunnel been ventilated there

could not have been this fog.

When the disaster occurred in the tunnel

on Sept. 24, 1892, the Grand Jury pointed

out that the tunnel should be lighted and

ventilated, but no attention was paid to the

direction.

It sounds well enough to say that, if the

tunnel is lighted, signals cannot be

seen. But admitting this to be true, which

it is not, it is much better to be able to see

obstructions on the track far enough ahead

to stop. In a white-lighted tunnel a red

light will flash like a ruby, and a green light

will show up, too. And what is the objection

to dials?

Think of a train flying along with the en-

gineer unable to see his smokestack, and

the chance of another train being directly

in his way. Close to two hundred and

fifty trains pass through the Fourth Avenue

Tunnel daily and there are thousands of

passengers in them. The New York Cen-

tral Railroad Company should not be al-

lowed to jeopardize these lives.

Light and ventilate the tunnel.

TRUE HUMILITY.

Side by side in the accounts of mining

disasters there is something that makes the

heart sink with horror and something that

makes it glad with a proud respect for

human feeling at its best.

The life of the coal miners at best is hard,

uncompromising toil. It makes existence

a daily treadmill. The cheerfulness which

goes with some occupations in the field of

physical labor seems to be lacking in the

miners'. Delving in the bowels of the earth,

where no ray of sunlight can penetrate,

and where even the flickering candle which

lights the gloomy hole is itself a menace to

life, the miner picks his living and earns

subsistence for his wife and children in the

hardest way.

Then there is the unspeakable horror of

explosions, of suffocation from fire, or

water, or earth, for in mining disasters all

the elements seem to rise against the grimy

toller. But in these crises the true, warm

heart of his fellow-workers shows the ex-

quisite fibre of their humanity.

The rescue at Jeanesville is a beautiful

example of this. For nineteen days miners

were held in a living tomb, unable to do a

thing except wait and suffer. But their

brethren were digging their way to them,

working in relays, unremotely, though

with no greater hope than that of rescuing

the bodies of the entombed. In there any

human heart so insensible as not to feel the

beauty, the pathos of this? Such men are

a glory to their race.

THE LAW PERMITS IT.

There is no law against the Sunday open-

ing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Neither is there anything in the lease of the

building from the city which precludes the

Sunday opening. Moreover, last year, in

addition to the \$15,000 which the city con-

tributed annually to the support of the

Museum, an additional \$10,000 was devoted

to it in order that it might be opened on

Sundays or on two evenings of the week,

without admission fee.

Yet with everything in favor of the Sun-

day opening the doors are tightly closed on

the day on which it would be most con-

venient for the public to have them opened.

Some of the trustees are opposed to it.

The matter will come up at a meeting of

the trustees soon to be held, and as there is

a constantly growing desire for the Sunday

opening, it is to be hoped that prejudice

and illiberality will not doggedly continue

to deny this very rational wish. The

deeds of the Museum should be open on

that day, and the point ought to be agitated

until they are.

The suggestion that the open space at

Seventieth and Seventy-third streets, Am-

sterdam Avenue and the Boulevard be

named Sherman Square, in honor of the de-

ceased General, is one that reflects very

creditably on the Board of Aldermen, who

have made it. Such a public recognition of

General Sherman honors alike those who

made it and the dead hero whose worth ren-

ders it so fitting.

The Street-Cleaning Department has now

little machine that not only brushes the

dirt together but picks it up and carries it

away. This is charming. Signs of pro-

gress like this in Mr. BEATTIE'S Department

are perceived with mingled feelings of ad-

miration and thanksgiving by the public.

Who knows but that some day the Street-

Cleaning Department will develop to the

degree of cleaning the streets?

The fanny price paid for a St. Bernard dog

has been surpassed by the fancier price of

\$5,000 for a poodle. The intelligence and

vitality of the poodle are very great, but

this is too much money to give for dog

brain.

THE CLEANER.

Arthur B. Griggs, President of the Boston

Theosophical Society, is in town. Last night

he lectured to the initiated in the Sunday-

school room of the Church of the Messiah. His

remarks were interesting, and he was delig-

hantly received by the audience. The spiri-

tuism of the Theosophists is well known.

There is much beauty in Theosophy, and the

meetings of the Theosophists are well worth

attending.

New York weather is as changeable as

women.

I notice in the Chicago Herald an amusing

article about Tom Reed. He was found in the

House Barber shop for the first time in his

life, the story says, and this was overheard: "I

always shave myself," he remarked to the bar-

ber, "and it never takes me long to do it, for

you will notice I have three whiskers.

The studio of Edward L. Henry, the artist,

is filled with bits of odd work, which he has

picked up on his travels, that would delight

a collector of American life, and his canvases are

eagerly sought for by collectors in this coun-

try. He delights in picturesque old farm-

houses, country roads and pastures, and the

wild scenery of the Adirondacks, of which he

has made innumerable studies. Just at pres-

ent he is busy with a picture to be called

"The Country Fair," and which shows the

crowds pressing about the race track just at

the moment of an exciting dash. It is full of

life and action.

I am told that Judge Pryor, since he has been

appointed to the bench of the Common Pleas,

has been one of the hardest working judges

of that court. His activity is something mar-

velous, and he possesses a rare force of nerve

and energy that enables him to work early and

late without showing any fatigue. The opin-

ions which he writes, whenever a case may

call for it, are marked in style by the same

nerve and vigor which he displays in all his

actions and his manner.

Unpleasant stories are coming from Paris

about Marie Van Zandt, who is now in St.

Petersburg. Her father asserts that she is

instigated by some rival, who wants to keep

her from returning to the United States. Let

us hope the rival will not succeed.

We are going to have in Central Park a

bronze statue of Bertie Thorwaldsen the

Danish sculptor. It has been purchased by

the Danish residents of New York, who will

present it to the city. We cannot have too

many statues provided they are good, but

if they are not they should be severely let

alone.

The appointment of the Honorable P. Dwyer

by Mayor Grant as Police Judge seems to have

greatly disturbed the Rev. Thomas Dixon,

pastor of the Twenty-third Street Baptist

Church, who relieves his pent-up feelings this

morning by harsh denunciations of the police

judge. He appointed a man after his own style and

heart—a criminal assessor-keeper—to the solemn

office of Judge at a salary of \$8,000. He has

ousted the climax of municipal degradation

of the nineteenth century. For during im-

perious, for harsh persecution of the police

trust, the performance stands matched amid

the catalogue of vices which in the name of

law and the people." The question is,

what are the Mayor and Mr. Dwyer doing to

take up the reins of law?

Some one was telling me the other day that

a sailing was a language of its own. A let-

ter copulating a proposal of marriage must be

couched with white wash, blue ink, constan-

cy, yellow jealousy, green hope, and brown

melancholy. If you are writing a letter of

condolence it should be violet, and red wax is

used for business letters.

I hear that there will be an unusual exhibi-

tion at Madison Square Garden early next

month, and that the blooms will be the finest ever

shown to a New York public. It is said that

3,000 specimens will be on exhibition, and the

non-blossoms of the four hundred will furnish

most of them.

The West Side Driveway scheme has been

very quiet for a few days, and some wonder is

expressed as to what will be done next. It is

very quiet, and the project is not likely to be

carried out for some time. A depot for the

line has recently been opened in Newark street,

Oxford street. Mrs. Thomas now resides in

Hastings, but continues to take an interest in

the success of the Harris trade.

It makes men shudder to see the number of

sensible-looking women on the street who

walk, stoop and market in Oxford and

galler ways. With robes as thick as a pie and

with their hair piled up in the most fantastic

and ridiculous manner, they are a sight to